

Splendid

Vic Chesnutt

In the pasture we run free
By the spring creek we lie down
In the pine thicket we are pricked
In the dry wash
We come across an incomplete set of bleached bones

Splendidly full of life
Wandering the countryside

Down the logging road we stray
In the orchard we feast
To the rocky ridge we persist
As the sun sets
We are enveloped by oddly energized orange light

Splendidly full of life
Wandering the countryside

On the beach we had fun
By the rocks in the sun
We were young we were free
We were wild as the weeds
Below cliffs
Surrounded by driftwood
We did everything we could
We did everything we
Everything we could